



Fly



7 0 1

Chapter 1 by Goose

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. This infernal sound coming from my window roused me this morning. Through a muggy cloud of sleep and my grubby window I saw black nothingness. This was a little concerning. I live on a cowed little street in a crowded little town and most frosty winter mornings - such as this one - bring with them the sound of birds and the bustle of an new day beginning. Not black nothingness.

"What the fuck." I said muscling my way out of my sheets. On closer inspection the black nothingness resolved itself into millions of little black nothingness's swarming and vying for attention. I could only stair dumb struck as the seams around my window began to bend inwards ominously. It was just at that moment that a big fat juicy fly took the opportunity to crawl in though the failing seams. "Jesus Christ" I shouted as the fly buzzed aimlessly around me. Realising what was about to happen I promptly ran out into the corridor.

"Did I just wake up into a crappy horror move!" I said moving swiftly down to the 'man den' where all things sharp and deadly are kept. I'm an aficionado of all zombie / horror move's and really any other kind of movie under the sun, so I did the only sensible thing and gear'd up. Qu montage I thought as I grabbed my workman's onesie, bug spray, goggles, one of those white masks you see cyclists wearing in the city and the electric fly swatter. Struggling a bit with the onesie zip and slapping the goggles on turned and went back into the living room. The writhing mass of fly's cascaded down the staircase and stormed towards me. Holding down the button on the bug spray and furiously windmilling the arm holding the fly swatter, I charged.

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